

The Several *Garrick*  
**QUALITIES**

O F T H E  
**British Court,**

Characteris'd.

D. of *Marlborough*,  
E. of *Godolphin*,  
The Lord *Chancellour*,  
E. of *Pembroke*,  
D. of *Somerset*,  
D. of *Newcastle*,  
D. of *Devonshire*,  
D. of *Richmond*,  
E. of *Lindsey*,  
L. *Wharton*,  
L. *Summers*,

L. *Orford*,  
D. of *Ormond*,  
L. *Hallifax*,  
E. of *Sunderland*,  
L. *Granby*,  
L. *Hartington*,  
L. *Kingston*,  
L. *Mordaunt*,  
L. *Stamford*,  
L. *Portland*.

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## Several Qualities of the British- C O U R T, &c.

**B**Rave *Marlbro'* who preserves our Capitol,  
 A new *Camillus* to the Vaunting *Gaul*.  
 Each Age with boist'rous Hotspurs does abound,  
 And the rash Brave in ev'ry Soil is found.  
 The Turband *Turk*, and shaggy *Cossack* dare  
 Provoke the *Sword*, and run amidst the *War*.  
 Let the fermenting Blood a while beat high,  
 And ev'ry eager Fool knows how to die.  
 But *Marlbro's* Valour Reason does assuage,  
 Tempers his *Soul*, and qualifies his *Rage*.  
*Courage* and *Conduct* here united meet,  
 To make the *Soldier* and the *Chief* compleat.  
 Such was the MAN the *Latian* Bard design'd,  
 He mix'd two Hero's of a different Kind,  
 And *Homer's* blended *Greeks* in one *Aeneas* join'd.  
 Come, sacred *Sewers*, all your Numbers raise,  
 Your various Verses, various *Layes*,  
 To Celebrate the Noble Patriot's Praise.  
 But oh the Debt! the Debt's too large,  
 For these Insolvent *Muses* to discharge.  
 No, should they strip the Flowry Spring,  
 And thence a Ninefold Chaplet bring,  
 Bright Honour never will allow,  
 The Garland Worthy of his Brow.  
 Yet 'tis *Britannia's* Duty to confess,  
 Tho' with unequal Thanks, her Happiness,  
 And Thee, *Godolphin*, ever Bless:  
 Yes, Thee, Thy Grateful Country will proclaim  
 The Anchor of her Hope, and Pillar of her Fame.  
 For You disperse the Winter-Storms, and bring,  
 In kind Exchange of Cold, and Night,



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The

The Joys of Solar Warmth and Light,  
And All the Blessings of the Spring.

The Kingdoms Strength returns, and in Its Face,  
Where Fatal Symptoms We could trace,

The Florid Signs of Health We view,

And the Great Cure We attribute to You.

Thus Pleasure in the public Aspect Smiles,

And all Foreboding jealousy beguiles :

At Ease, as in a Calm We lye,

Tho' War at distance lets Its Thunder fly

And *Mars's* Fury never swell'd so High.

*Anna* asserts the justice of the Skies,

By the *Rhine's* Triumphs, and the *Danube's* Spoils,

By all the Trophies of Her *Hero's* Toils,

*Anna* does vindicate the Deitys,

With Counsels, Generals, Treasures, She Relieves

Her Wrong'd Allies, and their Lost Peace Retrieves.

If Riches always have been found

The Strength, and Sinews of the War,

How shall their Services be Crown'd,

When manag'd by my Wise Director's Care?

'Tis This that is the Souldier's Sword, and Shield,

And This Secures the Laurels of the Field.

How does *Godolphin* Bless the *British* State,

As if, thro' Him, it were Ordain'd by Fate,

These Islands should be nam'd the Fortunate!

But in Destructive *Wars*, and Times of Need,

VVe wonder how these Mighty Treasures breed,

Or how the *Springs* do rise, that such a Current feed.

VVhat shall we his Amazing Conduct call?

O Nice Sagacity! That makes

Such Distant wonders meet,

The Frugal, and the Liberal,

The Generous and Discreet.

O Modesty! which such a Circuit takes,

To scatter Benefits on All,

And yet, like Dew, in Silent Bounty fall.

O strange Increase! that, like the *Nile*, can spread

Its Flowing Favours, yet conceal Its Head.



Enliven'd by his Timely Aid,  
 Transacting *Blenheim*, on *Ramillia's* Plain,  
 Our Valiant Troops an Early Harvest made.  
 By him our Fleets support the Naval Crown,  
 And our Bold Seamen Meditate Renown,  
 Designing Greater Triumphs ore the Main.  
 These Glorious Actions justify my Fame,  
 That *Plutus* can be neither Blind, nor Lame.  
 The *Wise Godolphin* gives me wings to Fly,  
 Or, if He thinks it Fit, to lay them by :  
 Thus, as Demands of Honour call,  
 I am prepar'd to answer All.  
 With a strict Eye I do my Charge defray,  
 And Merit never Empty goes away.  
 Hence they, who to my Offices repair,  
 And Prudence evermore Presiding see,  
 Conclude no other Deity  
 Can be a Stranger there.  
 How shall such Skill, and Care be duly Prais'd?  
 This is the Fund, on which Our Funds are rais'd.  
 No Faction's strife with Representatives,  
 The more the Generous *Senate* gives,  
 The more the People's pleas'd,  
 Assess'd for Common Good, and by their Taxes eas'd.  
 The *Sovereign*, and the *Subject* of one Mind,  
 In Bands of Mutual Love, by Mutual Trust combin'd ;  
 Her, as their *Royal Parent*, they Revere ;  
 Them, as Her children, She delights to Chear.  
 The *Treasury*, as Magazine of *Wealth*,  
 Receives the *Publick Store*, for *Publick Health*,  
 From the Recruited *Stomach*, thus are sent  
 Remittances of Circling Nourishment ;  
 And thus, from the Replenish'd Ocean's Bed,  
 His Tributary *Springs* with New *Supplies* are Fed.  
 How justly is the Nation's *Wealth* Employ'd ;  
 Not rais'd by Vicious Courses, nor Destroy'd !  
 At Court, what Turn of Manners now is seen,  
 Most worthy of the Most *Religious Queen* !  
 And when surrounded by Her Noble Train,  
 Who can the Dazling Sight sustain !

A Constellation they appear,  
And *She* the Glorious Ruler of the *Sphere*.

The Court is Center of Her Rayes ;  
But farther yet Her Bright Example shines,  
And *Reformation* thro' the Realm conveys ;  
The City to the Royal Mode inclines.  
Such is Her Empire's Present Happy State ;  
And to Defend it from Assaults of Fate,

Devoutly thus *Britannia* Prays :

That long her *Darling Queen* may Reign,  
And long Her faithful Ministers retain,  
Such skilful Pilots ever keep at Helm ;  
And may, to Grace my Province, still remain  
*Godolphin* Guardian of the Realm.

First from Your gen'rous Blood Your Fate we trace ;  
And find the Seeds of Virtue in Your Race :  
Discern how noble *Images* are bred,  
And *Honour* rises from the *Purple Bed*.

How *Worth* coæval with Your *Life* began,  
The *Patriot* sprung together with the *Man*.

But as You rose to Your *Illustrious* Place,  
Joy smi'd in ev'ry nobler *Pleader's* Face :  
Contented they submit ambiguous Right  
To Your exacter Judgment's piercing Sight,  
By *Love* untinctur'd, and unstain'd by *Spite*  
To such a Breast, in native *Honour* strong,  
Unwrap'd by *Friendship*, and unbent by *Wrong*.

*Pembroke* adorn'd with ev'ry rarer Art,  
A *Statesman's* Head, a *Christian's* zealous Heart.  
What curious Knowledge *Ægypt* stain'd of old  
On Paper, *Pergamus* in skins enroll'd ;  
What fine Inventions *Greece* or *Rome* could boast,  
Destroy'd by *Mummius*, or by *Genz'ric* lost ;  
Retriev'd by *Pembroke's* learned Search we find,  
Compose the rich *Mosaic* of his Mind.

Here *Somerset*, under whose Guardian wing  
On *Silver Cham* protected *Muses* sing.  
His own Heroic Faith the Theme supply'd,  
The *Pontif's* Legate scorn'd, and *Rome* defy'd.

Here



Here we rich *Crassus* in *Newcastle* find,  
As *Julius* Brave, as courteous *Pompey* kind,  
In him a safe *Triumvirate* is join'd.

*Devonshire*, whose Noble Looks his Mind expresses,  
Rouses the *Patriot* in the *State's* Distress.  
Factions his vocal Force in *Senate* dread,  
His Arms in Squadron'd *Fields* the *Tyrant* fled.

Here gentle *Richmond*, in whose Face and Breast  
His *Father* deep the *Royal Stamp* imprest:  
Man to engage, and form'd the Fair to please,  
He softens *Majesty* with careless *Ease*.

Here *Lindsey* wears his *Shoulder's* Crimson Pride  
With *Loyal Blood* of Predecessors dy'd.

VWhen Persecution, mask'd like *Zeal*, did try  
*Religion* by *Religion* to destroy,  
He made a glorious Stand, his piercing Eyes,  
Discern'd the *Fury* in a Church Disguise.

Gay *Wharton's* easy Manner unconfin'd,  
Yet fix'd the Central Honour of his Mind;  
Still serves the *Publick Scene* and *Britain's* Good:  
*Vertumnus* thus the coy *Pomona* woo'd.  
Plump Cheeks sometimes and brisker Eyes confess'd,  
He luscious *Must* from *Purple* Clusters press'd.  
Sometimes with *Ceres* Gifts a Reaper show'd,  
A whistling Plowman with a pointed Goad,  
Or feign'd an Angler with a taper Rod.  
Yet in each *Change* his constant Flame he serv'd,  
And still the *Lover* and the *Good* preserv'd.

VWhen *Somers*, equal to his weighty *Trust*,  
Like *Phocion* Good, like *Aristides* Just,  
VWith conscious *Virtue* bold, in popular Hate  
View'd *Aristides* Flight, or *Phocion's* Fate.

His Crime *Partition's* healing League advis'd,  
In equal Scales and *Europe's* Empire poiz'd.

To *Orford*, the *Duillius* of our Fleet,  
VWhen 'twas a Crime th' insulting *French* to beat;  
Tho' the *Prætorian* Sun *la Hogue* did view  
Glitt'ring with pained Flames, but burnt with true.

With nice *Politeness* valiant *Ormond* shines,  
Like *Scipio* Peace adorns, and *War* refines.      Harmo-

Harmonious *Hallifax* in Guilt was join'd,  
 By sacred Friendship link'd, and Publick Mind;  
 In the same Arts of polish'd Life refin'd.  
 Fit to advise a Prince; advis'd, to praise;  
*Mecenas* Head for *State*, and *Virgil's* Lays.

None better in the Nation's low Extreme  
 Contrives a *Model*, or projects a *Scheme*.

'Tis *Hallifax* finds out a letter'd *Mine*,  
 And transubstantiates Paper into Coin.

Strait a new Life sprung from the Fairy Gold,  
 Circled into Trade, and in free Commerce roll'd,  
 The furbish'd Spear grew bright, the Warrior bold.

Ungrateful Spite thus *Hallifax* engag'd,  
 With Safety vext, with Benefits enrag'd  
 And tho' a *Siren* warbles in his Song,  
 Tho' *Tully* pleads in his persuasive Tongue;  
 Yet deaf to plaints, with Prejudices arm'd  
 Faction grew *Adder* more, the more he Charm'd

To *Brutus* Glories *Sunderland* does rise,  
 But *Brighter* far his Chaste *Lucretia's* Eyes.  
 These *Tarquin's* Lust to Worship had subdu'd:  
 She faintly charms who finds a Lover rude.

But *Granby* in the *Senate's* Rule was join'd,  
 Kings to support by *Kindred* Blood inclin'd.  
 His Princely Race shines in his Noble Air,  
 A true *Plantagenet* without a *Bar*,  
 Yet by his tender Breast, and Pity's show'd,  
 The *Royal Stream* from softer *Woman* flow'd.  
 Should kinder Heav'n a *Halcyon* Peace diffuse,  
 He'd court in learned *Shades* a Rural Muse.  
*Roscommon's* Art, and *Rocheſter's* soft Ease  
 Melt in his Verse, and in the Mixture please:  
 By Verse to tuneful *Rocheſter* ally'd,  
 Yet lives with all the *Innocence* he dy'd.

But when *Sedition's* storms distract the Realm,  
 And louder Danger calls him to the *Helm*:  
 When Burgeſſes o'er trampled *Peers* prevail,  
 And ſink all Pow'r into the *Commons* Scale:



VVhen *Synods* mad with *Schism*, with *Faction* blind,  
 To stay the *Church's Fall*, the *Pillars* min'd;  
 Then to avert the sinking Nation's Fate,  
 He starts to *Bus'ness*, and he springs to *State*.

Your Charge resign'd by this Great Pair supply'd,  
 So skill'd to Manage, and so strong to Guide.

To the first *Council's* higher *Orb* you rose,  
 VVhere *Honour* dress'd in flaming *Purple* glows.

No Rabble Votes elect a Member here,  
 Factious and loud to represent the *Shire*.

But long Descent of rich *Patrician* Blood  
 The *Station* gives, and stronger Pulse to Good:

Or Publick Virtues to this *Summit* raise:  
 Glory's the *Pyramid*, but worth the *Base*,  
 Rugged with *Trophies*, and inscrib'd with *Praise*.

To *Hartington* in early Camps explor'd,  
 With *Cæsar's* Force to speak, and *Cæsar's* Sword;  
 Brave by Descent, to Loyal Firmness Heir,  
*ANNE* trusts Her *Sacred Person's* watchful Care.  
 Weary'd with Publick weight *She* safely sleeps,  
 Whilst *Hartington* the Guard with *Angels* keeps.

*Mordaunt Marcellus* with a kinder Fate;  
*Stamford Fabricius* with a little Great.  
 Reviving *Drusus* gen'rous *Kingston* shows;  
*Agrippa's* Naval Crowns bind *Dursly's* Brows.

What painting Muse can *Portland's* Merit draw,  
 Faithful *Achates* to the great *Nassau*!

That grateful *Heroe* sav'd, the timely Aid  
 Confess'd by *Titles*, but with *Friendship* paid.

Such Arts, such Virtues Royal *ANNE* induce,  
 The *Virtues* to reward, the *Arts* to use.

But e'er the *Senate's* Helm in storms you leave,  
*Granby* and *Hartington* the Charge relieve.

By Marriage Brothers, more by *Friendship* ty'd,  
 By Virtues's *Consanguinity* ally'd.



